

ROSE AND VINE

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

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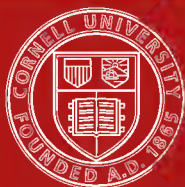
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ROSE AND VINE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POEMS, 1904

ROSE AND VINE

BY

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR



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ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

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MUSIC OF RESURRECTION

There shall no blare of heavenly trumpets end
The long, long lapses of Oblivion :
No brazen tongues like flaming swords must rend
The veils of darkness, that the Dead put on
In one wild pang remembrance long foregone :
Nor shall the slim white dancing-angels crowd
With silver bells and tabors, for that bright
Reveill -music would be far too loud
For who have lain within the unechoing night,
Blotted away from anguish and delight :
But, underneath the great green tender Morn,
From the sole Star of Rising shall begin
A tone most faint and fine, as it were born
Of the last note that thrills a violin :
Like dew, like dew the sound shall pearl within
The dusty heart, and subtly breathe away
The dim disgrace that in the bosom lies,
Loose from the ears the heavy seal of clay,
And dream like light against the ruined eyes,
And move the soul to a soft stir of sighs :
Yea, still the clear far-dwelling note shall grow,
Till, as the jade-green Dayspring turns to gold,
Shall Sleep dissolve in waking, and we know

Only a strange immortal sense could hold
Such immaterial music : as of old
In earthly years, and mornings unafraid,
(The languors of that far-off Evensong
Swathing us yet) white poppies of the shade,
We shall flower upward from the slumber long
That heals a Day of heavy toil and wrong.

THE ROMAN ROAD

Bury me close to the Roman Road,
That the pageant passing by
May trumpet through my dim abode,
And make it less to die.

To my House of Stone let the rumour run
Of the ringing reins of old,—
Of horsemen riding in the sun
Through worlds of windy gold.

A pomp of princes, side by side,
The proud Crusaders go,
And now the Free Companions ride,
Glittering row on row.

And slim white girls with burning hair
Dance with the wind ; and in
Great ropes of roses red they snare
A gleaming paladin.

O singing East ! O dreaming West !
Ride, ride so splendidly
To the City that is loveliest,
That never a soul shall see.

I will not lie in a green abode
 Away from the hurrying feet.
I have ridden for long on the Roman Road
 And still is the riding sweet.

FOUR CRIMSON VIOLERS

I

Four crimson Violers,

Two at the foot and two at the head,
They made sweet sound by the Duchess' bed,
(The fair white-silken bed of state,
Silver swans in the broidery !)

While the husht glad folk passed in to see
The dreaming Duchess delicate,
And that small son of hers.—

Four crimson Violers !

(Ah, sleep, sleep !

Woundless and pure as a moonbeam goes,
Thou hast won through the thorns and found thy
rose,

A milk white rose to keep !
Now sleep, sleep !)

II

Four crimson Violers

Played sweet airs in the Duchess' room
As she lay like a saint on a carven tomb.

Her gilded whorling hair about
 Her beauty triumphed at its will,
 In the crook of her arm the babe lay still.
 Responses faint from her soul rang out
 Like chimes of dulcimers
To the crimson Violers.

(Ah, sleep, sleep !
 Strange sorrows Love hath led thee through :
 But the flames by thy feet all died in dew.
 The crypts of pain were deep,
 Yet mild as sleep.)

III

Four crimson Violers,
 Silver swans on the ruddy breasts,
 With faëry falls and wistful rests
 Did their secret hearts disclose.
 Their eyes were wells of mandragore,
 Heavy as vines the locks of the Four.
 Exceeding sweet that music rose,
 A spice of burning myrrhs.
Four crimson Violers.

(Love, Death, Sleep
 And the Dream-god charmed her soul away.
 Olden, olden gods are they ;
 Beautiful souls they reap.
 Sleep, now sleep.)

IV

Four crimson Violers,

Two at her feet and two at her head,
Made sweet sound by the Duchess dead.

Oh ! She was rare as an almond-tree

 Foaming in flower from a tripod of gold,

 Whose odours drift through courts of old
Cedar and red-rose porphyry.

 But these were her garlanders,

Four crimson Violers.

(Ah, sleep, sleep !

The gods of beauty crave in the Spring

From out the world's white flowering

 Some delicate thing to keep.

 Sleep, Sweet, sleep !)

THE RACE

I

When we began to run the race
The fairest sons of speed and grace
Right suddenly threw out their hands,
And smote their brows upon the sands.
They slumber where they fell that day,—
Still for the early dead I pray.

*(Now seize the palm who hath the lust.
Whatever triumph-song be sung,
The sweetest eyes are filled with dust,
The swiftest feet unstrung.)*

II

On other souls a folly came
Like fraud and violence and shame.
Then, swiftly ringing them about,
The angry Rivals cast them out,
To sit and beg the race-course by.
Alas for them that could not die !

*(Go up, go up, ye fierce and proud,
Whom madness never overthrew :
But they that sit with heads down bowed
Had not haughtier hearts than you.)*

III

And some have slackened dreamily,
Gardens enclosed where lilies be,
Imagining. Through dust and heat
How the pure wells of love are sweet
They knew, and softly passed aside.
They passed, and they were satisfied.

*(Hark, when the racers' King is crowned
The long huzzas ! But richer far
The passional Porch-verse will sound
Beneath Love's marriage-star.)*

IV

O victors, when the garlands bind
Your beating brows—then shall you find
A mortal languor in the Cup,
The Cup of Honour lifted up ?
And shall they tire the very soul,
Those silver trumpets of the Goal ?

(" Is this the glory ? " shall you say.

" O Vanity of Vanities

For which we bled our hearts away !

Where is the perfect Peace ? ")

ERISKAY

[To Andrevuola.]

I

When Evening walks upon the whist
Waters of jade and amethyst,
Garlands of dancing angels go
Around the purple isle I know.
The rainbows leap, the white birds fly
Across the trembling pale-gold sky ;
And strange soft sunset-cloths are hung
Round the Bride-chamber of the Young,
The Pageant-floor of Night and Day,
The splendid Isle of Eriskay !

II

By twining dreaming paths I pass
Through iris-meads and faded grass,
To that sad Lake of Lilies where
Wild myrtle thrills the virgin air.
Then, through the Hebridean eve,
With gilded arms and broidered sleeve
A Dream like some sweet pilgrim-knight
Comes riding on a charger white,
A Dream from Provence far astray,
Fantastic Isle of Eriskay !

III

Yet there the winds are wakenèd
To whirl the Hosting of the Dead,
And there the Hills against the Heaven
That Burthen of the Sorrows seven
Uplift for ever,—the august
Immortal pain of mortal dust,
The dumb accusing agony
Of Life before Eternity,—
Sad Patmos of the twilight grey,
Thou dim dread Isle of Eriskay !

IV

Nay ! Peace ! For I remember still
The cots that to the barren hill
As lichen clave,—the courteous folk
With crystal eyes where wonder woke,
The sad young dead with folded hands
That sleep amid the drifted sands,
The boats that softly homing glide
Through the great light of eventide,
The Chapel where white spirits pray,—
O tender Isle of Eriskay !

V

Ave, Ave, Eriskay !
Where naked Love his burning way
Takes o'er the sands, (great stars above
The head and 'neath the feet of Love !)

Where Pain has beautiful calm eyes,
And Joy is delicate and wise
And pure as Pain, and where Death is
Lovely like mourning melodies.
Arise, tired heart, and come away
To Eriskay, to Eriskay !

“GOD I SHALL NEVER SEE”

God I shall never see, though all my heart
For ever aches, desiring God to see.
Not for mine eyes, alas ! the radiant part
Of them that pierce to His Eternity
Through all the jewel-dropping veils of things,
The shifting arras-cloths of day and night,
Stained with red lotos and chimæra wings,
Strange dancing muses, thyrsus-bearers white.
I chase vain shapes and colours as a child
That would the splendid psyche-moths ensnare
Till Twilight find me in some rocky wild,
The dews of sorrow heavy in mine hair,
Clasping a little dust of purple dyes,—
With darkness sealing up mine empty eyes.

AGE INTERCEDES FOR YOUTH

I

For Youth, who goes to War
 With winds of April blowing
Through his unvisored golden hair,
With reckless golden head all bare,
 And all his banners flowing,—
For Youth, for Youth who rides afar
 In silver armour fair to see,
 With joints of gold at arm and knee,
 Rose-broidered prince of chivalry,
Arrogant, wistful, beautiful,—
 Youth, the Pure Fool,—
We who are old, hard, winter-bitten, grey,
Yet rode crusading once upon a day,
We pray to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
“ O let him win the battle that we lost ”.

II

For Youth, who comes from War,
 Borne heavily, forsaken,
A bitter wound above the heart,
A horror in the tender heart,
 And all his banners taken,—

For Youth, for Youth brought from afar,
His golden beauty soiled with dust,
His silver armour black with rust,
Despoiled of valour, pride, and trust,—
For Youth who sees with pangs extreme
His routed dream,—

We that are dust, yet once were dew and flame,
Pray : “ *Let him linger not, like us, in shame.
Before these pangs corrupt, O bury Youth
In some white tomb with music and with ruth.*”

THE WEDDING OF THE REDEEMED PRINCESS

Cast wide, cast wide the brazen gates
To let the Wedding Pomp ride through.
The Priest in the cathedral waits
Amid the scarlet, gold and blue,—
In the cathedral, pierced and fine,
Fantastic as a jewel shrine !
Cast wide the blazing gates with trumpet-din ;
The rainbow river of the gems flows in.

Her robes are all of beryl-green,
Wrought o'er with mighty vines of gold ;
Her crown is emeralds between
Moon-pearls ; and like a crescent cold,
And strange, and white, with trancen eyes
On her bright litter still she lies
Amid her great soft fleece of yellow hair,
While he rides mailed and terrible and fair.

The daisies marry with the dew,
And Hesper finds the sunset's breast.
Oh ! let the Wedding Pomp ride through.
Against the arras of the West
The trumpets and the lances all
Are levelled long, are standing tall.
They two, remote, ethereal as dreams,
Are wounded sore with pain's, delight's extremes.

So bring them to the cedarn room,
And let the Dark their angel be
To hang the jasper-coloured gloom
Around the couch of ivory.
Oh ! quench the tapers, hush the flutes ;
Like roses let them strike their roots
Within the Night of dim-blown stars and spice,
For they are folded safe in paradise.

A LENTEN SONG

Dim rings of flame my temples crown,
Yet darkness brims the eyes :
The long Fast weighs the eyelids down
And wastes the soul in sighs.
Ashes for jewels in the hair,
Sackcloth for cloth-of-gold,
For masquing-mirth the black despair
Of carnival grown cold !
Plunge, plunge, ye senses, in the chill
And bitter pools of Death !
Break, Heart ! Proud Will, of thine own will,
Be crucified on Faith !
How else may ye be pure enough
To wear the roses white,
To bear the balsamums of love
Through gardens drowned in light,
When all the veils of pain are torn
Before the peace of Easter Morn ?

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

Four Angels by my bed,
Crowned with roses on the head !—
Yet, carved ivory and gold,
Oft they seem like gods of old,—
Hermes with his charming-rod,
Dionysos, rare dream-god,
Lord Apollo violing,
Sad fair Eros hearkening,—
Chained together with a vine,
Pouring ecstasy like wine,
Waving music down my sleep.
Then the change ! And, lo ! there keep
Four Angels by my bed,
Crowned with roses on the head,
Plumed with jade and jasper flame :
But their eyes are still the same.

BURIED TREASURE

[NOTE.—Tradition holds that much artistic treasure still lies in the bed of the Tiber, including the Lychnuchus of the Jewish Temple, brought to Rome by Titus.]

Deep underneath the yellow slime,
Where Tiber-tide runs thick,
Lies plunder of a sumptuous time,
Bronze, marble, ivory and gem,
And there thy torch, Jerusalem,
The Seven-branched Candlestick !

Within the soul's proud city, we
Great trophies bear when young :—
For dreams, desires, bright legions be
All fair strange images to bring :
From God's own House they, triumphing,
The Holy Torch have wrung.

But Time's grim leaguers sap and creep
Round dome and basilic.
So, River of Oblivion, keep
Our beautiful strange images,
Our spiritual spoil, no less
The Seven-branched Candlestick !

If Time will take us captive yet
Our splendours we can save.
Better that we should quite forget
The flashing joys we once possessed,
Than *He* should break them into jest,
While at his mill we slave.

So, River of Oblivion, sweep
Thy waters cold and thick.
For more enduring victors keep
Our spoil of spiritual wars,—
Keep that which flames with seven stars,
The Seven-branched Candlestick !

THE CHILD OF JOY

In purple chambers I was born,
And reared in Ivory Towers,
The azure moths upon me fell,
Singing in jasmine bowers :
With dust-of-gold they powdered me
And wed me with the flowers.

Soft airs uplift my waving hair,
Blue shadows bathe mine eyes.
In the low music of my breast
Lie dreams of paradise,
As deep within the eglantine
The well of honey lies.

My senses five are five great Cups
Wherefrom I drink delight !
For them to God a grace I sing
At morning and at night,
For five fair loving-cups are they
That feed me with delight.

And lovers love me like the flowers.
But perishing as they
Am I whose five enchanted Cups
Must yet return to clay.
Ah ! Sweeter far than mine the dust
Of lavender blue-grey !

But shall not some faint flowery ghost

Go down the Wind at least ?

O Lover of the splendid nards

And lilies of the East,

O Bridegroom, hast thou need of me

To deck thy bridal-feast ?

AT THE BRIDAL DOOR

One great King-angel by the gilded Door
Sits with bowed head asleep. About his hair,
Twined into ropes of gold, there cleaves a fair
Garland of pallid roses, keen with store
Of thorns. The tender mouth smiles evermore
With mystery of peace ; the unaware
Tired hands lie folded on his robes of vair,
With pomegranates and burning doves wrought o'er.

For once he was a Pagan power, and came
With dancing feet and perfume-tossing torch
And wild faun eyes unto the bridal-porch,
Until a mightier love upon him fell,
And smote a sad sweet soul in him like flame.
So let him sleep. He keeps the bride-door well.

AT LAST

When all thy serenades are sung,
And all thy gay nouvelles are told,
When all thy roses red are flung,
And all thy loves are woxen cold,
When all the tapers honey-white
Have failed the Masquer of Delight :—

Then like a bedesman come assay
The carven Door of Misericorde.
Pass down the long grey aisle to pray
Largesse from thy forgotten Lord.
Wide are the great Cathedral gates,
And high upon the Cross He waits.

Where scarlet is the light and blue,
And all the peace is love and death,
Come, prodigal, and never rue
Thy portion spent. The sobbing breath,
The empty hands, the broken heart,—
These be His own, His chosen part.

BIRTH-SONG

I

Under the golden apple-boughs,
Mid white and scarlet moths,
She wrought great fruits and cherubim
Upon the bearing-cloths,—
Singing : “ Thy story is begun
With splendid things, my little Son ”.

II

Oh ! be the scarlet curtains drawn
Around the golden bed ;
And wrap the babe in the bearing-cloths
All broidered by the Dead.
Yea ! Splendid things were spent for him :—
Death's incense makes the chamber dim.

*(Low ! Low ! Hush the babe so !
Like strange white moths moves down the snow.
Listen ! the sound of falling tears !
Low ! Low ! Hush the babe so !
Sighing, sighing,
For his crying
Is hate and horror in Love's ears.)*

THE QUESTION

I saw the Son of God go by
Crowned with the crown of Thorn.
"Was It not finished, Lord?" I said,
"And all the anguish borne?"

He turned on me His awful eyes :
"Hast thou not understood ?
Lo ! Every soul is Calvary,
And every sin a Rood."

RECLAIMED

My heart went hawking
In days of old
Through airs of azure
And winds of gold.
Haggard and splendid,
I struck, I rended.
My heart went hawking
Through worlds of gold.

But Time entailed me
At last, at last :
My wild eyes seeing
He held me fast.
The dark reclaimed me,
The jesses tamed me,
For Time entailed me,
And held me fast.

A hooded falcon,
Upon God's wrist
Now cling I, brooding.—
O sun and mist,
O skies of wonder,
Not mine the plunder !
I am a falcon
Upon God's wrist.

LAMENTATION FOR PERISHED BEAUTY

Dream, dream of all the beauty marred
And overthrown,—dream of deflowered
Pale campanili, evil-starred
Embroidered cities, arched and towered,
Angels that die on cloister-wall,
Proud statues wronged by brutish hands,
And moods of music rare that fall
From hush to hush, and faëry bands
Of dancing rimes that follow fast
The souls that wove, that loved them last,
And gracious myths, like clouds that pass,
Like faintlier pearly waves. Alas !
The heart must ache for their sweet sake.

O high Platonic reverie,
Come heal the heart that aches for these.
The perfect Soul must live to see
A Heaven of perfect Images.
Endure, ye Dreams that hover by,
Your faces veiled with burning wings,
When with sweet idol-worship, sigh
On sigh, we shape us lovely things.
Musicians, poets, carvers all,
Painters,—O folk fantastical !—

Our sad phantasmata may go :
 The pure triumphal Patterns glow,
 Great star by star, where spirits are.

The beauty found by long travail
 And patience of the hands of clay,
 Like those tired hands, like ashes pale,
 Like driven dust shall pass away.

But the twin Dream the soul devised,
 Of her own flaming essence wrought,
 Shall that to Death be sacrificed ?

Ah ! with the Matter dies the Thought ?

O Soul, immortal like to Thee
 Thy works, thine archetypes, must be,
 And every fading earthly thing
 Have its diviner flowering
 By Thy four Streams, City of Dreams.

O City Spiritual, fair

With all the fairness human heart
 Hath builded ! Star of our despair,
 Dear City of God, our own thou art !
 What though our blind and nomad way
 Through lion-coloured desert-lands
 We travel, and the doubtful day
 Is thickened with these whirling sands,—
 The dust of what was exquisite ?
 Mirage or none, what strange delight
 To see thy pale rose-fretted spires
 Like a fire-opal wild with fires
 Enchant the breast of yon gold West !

SAINT LOÏS

Loïs the Maid,
Amid the ruining walls of golden Rome,
Within the Wood of Olives made her home.

Grey eyes afraid,
And heavy carven curls, and beauty pale
She hid with Christ her Lord behind the Veil.

While Gothic Kings
Girdled the dim-gold pomp of awful Rome,
Gript hard the sunset city of arch and dome,

With rings on rings
Of terror,—softly did she pray apart,
Her white hands crossed on her adoring heart.

That sunset fell
In great excess of gold and scarlet foam ;
Fantastic horror broke on ravished Rome.

A gust from hell,
It shook the cloister. Loïs, her legend saith,
Ran to her God the easy way of death.

So Loïs a Maid
Conquered. Then, in the dewy dusk, for her
Was found a proud and lovely sepulchre.

And she was laid
Within a rose-red couch of porphyry :
Mænads, vines, panthers were the tracery.

For, in that shrine,
'Mid waters and pluckt lotos did sweet rites
Of old, a Pagan princess of delights

Redder than wine.
But now an ivory-carven saint they laid
Within the rose-lit hollow,—Loïs the Maid.

.

When Loïs the Maid
Went up the Stair of Heaven, did she go,
As was her wont, like music sad and low?—

Or with a braid
Of vine within her hair, and hands upthrown,
Did she come dancing through the gates alone?

THE HIGH GESTE

The High Geste I shall never do,
How it is with me night and day !
A pillared flame it lights me through
The darkness of the Dreamers' Way !
A pillared cloud, across the dew
Of dawn it moves, and stains the blue.

The High Geste I shall never do,
How it consumes me, heart and brain !
A mere faint shadow to pursue
That Splendour beautiful in vain,
Is my tired soul. None ever knew
How fair the thing I cannot do.

The High Geste I shall never do
Sends burning ripples through my hate,
And veils my sleep with purple hue,
And wakes like viols delicate
Within my love. My dreams are true
To the sweet Geste I cannot do.

.
The High Geste I shall never do
Lies heavily within my breast :
With fine desire and subtle rue
Is fed this Unborn loveliest.
But I grow pale and weary. Strew
The bier with marigolds for two.

Shall the High Geste I never do
 Be my good Angel at the last ?
Or like a ruined seraph sue
 That, face to face with her bound fast,
I writhe in hell, for ever true
To the High Geste I did not do ?

THE DIFFERENCE

Great rainbows leapt, and stars down fell,
And love and pride and scorn
Drove men to heaven and to hell
Ere ever I was born.

The Lover's Pomp shall revel by ;—
Winding a mighty horn
Shall speed the Hunt of Pride when I
Am dead that have been born.

The Holy Grail shall yet be sought,
High hope shall be outworn
And men go down to death :—but nought
As I had ne'er been born.

Oh ! Stranger dreams because of me
Shall trouble eve and morn ;
And love and roses redder be
Because I have been born.

THE FEAR OF THE ARTIST

How can I know if this be steeped indeed
In those great hues my great Intentions need?
For, as I toil, the Dream that I sustain
For ever in the temple of my brain,
Like a sweet story told on painted glass,
O'erfloods my doing, till the glories pass
All precious colour that was ever wrung
Like wine from matter, that hath ever sprung,
Sudden and unexplained and perfect flower,
From the idle soul of some fair fortunate hour.
So, in the light of what it ought to be,
My longing imagery I must see
As lovelier, lovelier, lovelier than it is.
One day mine eyes unsealed may break my heart
for this.

HARVEST SONG

I saw strong reapers going up
Unto the flowery Altar-stair.
Great golden sheaves above their heads
For God's first-fruits they bare.
(But I had only poppies,
My frail, soft-falling dreams.
I strewed them o'er the temple floor,
For I was a dreamer of dreams.)

I saw fair women going up
With maunds of apples in their hands,
And branches hung with amethyst,
And grapes on golden wands.
(But I had only poppies,
Vain, ruby-dropping dreams.
Yet with my store did I adore
The Dreamer of all the Dreams.)

SONG OF FRUITION

(For an October Mother.)

A cloud-gold world serene and sweet,
All golden air and golden wheat,
And vintagers with stained feet
 And bosoms garlanded !
Torch-lilies in the gardens all,
And drowsy sunflowers mystical,—
While gracious apples globe and fall
 In orchards gold and red.

The yellow moon a-ripening lies
Pavilioned soft in sunset skies,—
And I in Love's dim Paradise,
 Like a pomegranate-tree
Grown burning-rich and fragrant-fair,
Dream ever in the charmèd air,
For in my breast sweet fruit I bear,
 A beauty yet to be !

Oh ! dear, most dear the tender Spring,
The thrilled strange days of flowering !
'Mid lilies, songs, and violing
 The bridal-path I trod,

But now amid the autumn-peace
With vines and wheat I yield increase,
I yield amid the autumn-peace,
 Oblation to my God.

When from the world serene and sweet
Is gathered in the golden wheat,
A vintager with pure still feet
 I to the Temple-gate
With all the harvesters will go,
My delicate love-sheaf to show,
My little Cup of Wine aglow,
 My secret Pomegranate.

That from delight may come delight
I wait through cloud-gold day and night,
Through vague mysterious pleasures, white
 Irradiances of pain.
For to Oblation all things yearn,
As sunflowers to their sun-god turn,
As holy frankincense to burn
 In altar-fire is fain.

THE CAITIFF PRINCE

Like the carved head of that Bithynian knight
In whom the Kaiser Adrian took delight
Was his young head. The grace of courtesy
Made rich his soul, and troubled his reverie
With delicate chords, as amber honey dwells
Throughout the honeycomb, as chiming bells
Fulfil the belfry.

And his lonely heart
Went singing through the labyrinths of art.
His pointed hands from string or hollow reed
Could lure strange music for a lover's need ;
Around miraculous legends he could twine
Pixies, birds, angels in great whorls of vine ;
And Fire, his passionate playmate, gave him, too,
Enamels like the peacock burning blue
And green round swan - white Loves and Graces.

Yet

He pined beneath his pryncedom's bitter debt
To pain and labour, and he served alway
Pity's high altar. When the Christ-holiday
Let him go forth, like Love's own almoner,
Where the poor spirit-broken bedesfolk were,

Their sorrowful brother in his rose-brocades,
Compassed about with golden cavalcades,—
Humblest of all he left his purple seat,
And bowed his brilliant head to wash their feet.

But one red morn the war-dukes brought with joy
Fair armour of Damascus to the boy,
A jewelled sword they set between his hands,
Crying : " Go out and conquer. Through the sands
Of razed-out cities ride thy great war-horse.
Trample the Five free Towns without remorse,
And a new crown of balas-rubies bring
That Warrior, thy father and our king."
But, whiter than an Easter-tide flambeau,
He like a clarion spake : " I will not go ".

The king his father called the captains nigh.
Pointing, he muttered : " Let him go or die ".

The day the armies met, the prince was found
Within his turret, lying robed and crowned,
Robed in white linen, crowned with oak-leaves,
lord
Of perfect peace,—dead by the virgin sword.

His father, rending him from out the race,
Buried him in a nameless garden-place.
The whispering curious people as a dim
Stained ghost, " The Caitiff Prince," remembered
him.

The Caitiff Prince, who rather tasted of
The pangs of death than soil his dream of love !
Rather than drink the Cup of the Darker Lust,
Unto the loathèd chambers of the Dust
Smiling he passed,—from what delicious Ways
Of noble pleasure, dream-branched nights and days !

He died, and was forgotten. Softly keep,
Thou vasty violet Minster-house of Sleep,
His beauty made for Spring's white festival,
Like perishable passion-lilies all
Of pearl and topaz. Surely there must arise
From that crushed heart, incense that finds the
 skies,
And hails the Spirit of Love who sits alone
With piercèd side upon his burning throne.

THE REGAL-PLAYING ANGEL

I bore not gold and scarlet veils
 When that I moved on Earth :
I am not sung in princely tales
 Of tourney, masque and mirth.
Nor did I seek the splendid scrolls
 Of wisdom and of art ;
The folly of dim-dreaming souls
 Was mine, the simple heart.
Nor to my shrinking breast were bid
 The pangs that make the saint :—
Only one witless thing I did,
 Sudden and blind and quaint.
I ran to Love who bade me come,
 To Love my Lord most sweet :
I brake my heart for balsamum
 And spilt it o'er his feet.
So now, an angel clothed in white
 With roses red o'erstrewn,
I stand the foremost in delight,
 For Love is on the throne.
Midmost the music is my place,
 O peers angelical !
My gilded regal I embrace
 That sounds the note for all.

THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE

'Mid their green leaves of secret thought,
Fed with miraculous dew,
From sheathèd dreams to flowering wrought,
In shadowy dells they grew
By pools of peace,—recluse and pale
Like holy lilies of the vale.

With twilight eyes and calm curled hair
By hidden ways they trod ;
Sad sumptuous perfumes they bare
And graveclothes for a God,—
That Prince of perfect love for Whom
They met around the garden tomb.

(But one from Sin's fantastic lands
In glistering attire,
With piercèd feet and piercèd hands
Came thorough rose and briar ;
Yet had her alabastron shed
The first great fragrance for the Dead.)

The spices of Epiphany
By Magian Kings were borne ;
But tenderly, so tenderly,
Of Resurrection Morn
The mournful sweet spice-bearers came
To seek their Lord in death and shame.

THE MEDITATION OF YOUTH

It is a strange and dreadful thing to die :—
More cruel are the pangs of growing old.
With sacrifice of doves, with song and sigh,
O Death, we ring thy moonlit altar cold !
But we protest with agony and rage,
Hateful the gross indignity of age.
With all the banners of our beauty set,
To break with trumpets o'er the twilit Mark,
Affront and storm the bastions of the Dark
In one great gust of music and regret,—
Ere the gold crown-imperial ravished be
And from the breast the scent of roses fade,—
So might this fair Adventure end.—Woe's me !
Conclusion unafraid,
Mournful, yet sweet and strange !
But, to eat ashes ere we fall to dust,
By dull degrees of deflagrating change,
By slow deflowering of dim disgust
Put on mortality !—
O transubstantiation curst !—Not God
From earthly stuff, but Spirit dulled to clod !
O Soul that loved thy garment faëry-fine,
Coloured like milk, and mayflower, and red wine,

Go softly, softly like a beggar. Thou
Sackcloth and torment shall that body avow.
So some fallen sovereign, ere hands obscure
Do him to death, must openly endure
Disorbing, disanointment,—the grim Play,
The loathly shame of Abdication Day.

THE MEDITATION OF AGE

Is it not well, before He dusking come,
 (That mystic Messenger
 With soft-winged feet,
As the keen scent of moist and bruised myrrh
 Sudden and sweet),

Is it not well, ere the last merle be dumb,
To sit the tender violet twilight through,
And feel the lonely pearling of the dew,
The sleeping of the daisies, the soft rue
Of old-world cradlesongs,—that subtle store
Of things for which there was no time before ?

 Then the stilled Soul within,
Thrown from the reckless chariot of Sense,
Freed from the whirling stadium of Sin,
Lifts up her eyes of newborn innocence,
 And in those Images,
Stormy desire for their fair Shapes adored,
 Sees flame-like witnesses,
White spirits burning for another Lord.
Is it not well, kindness to give and take
For nothing, nothing, but sweet kindness' sake ?
And for a dream to take into the Night,
 Is it not well to see

Before the end, the Vision exquisite
Of yonder Princely Pleasure of proud Youth,—
 As we saw not in truth,
When in the Pageant-picture bright were we ?

THE HEAVENLY LOVE IS DISCONTENTED
WITH HIS LUTE

And must I wreak my soaring Vision,
My music of immortal things,—
O strange and passionate misprision !—
Upon a lute of five poor strings ?
What though of ivory and amber
'Tis wrought, and curiously adorned,
Though golden vines about it clamber ?—
Ah ! like a young moon silver-horned
And silver-veiled, with rainbows round her,
The dream is that I have to say,
A young moon when the stars have found her
Upon the sea-green verge of day.
O strange and passionate misprision,
O music of immortal things !
How can I wreak my heavenly Vision
Upon a lute of five poor strings ?
Rend it, and cast it in the dust,
Lest it should sound the same for Lust.

THE PAGES

Renaissance

I saw a host of slim white pages ride
Through flowering fields to meet a sovran bride.
Milk-white they rode under that thrilling sky,
And white the palfreys were that bore them by ;
But scarlet capped each haughty gilded head,
And on each breast a heart-shaped ruby bled,
And red red passion-flowers were wrought around
The silver riding-cloths that swept the ground.
Like morning stars they all together sang,
Yet each a separate sweet descant rang
Within his soul, and every singer knew
Some secret joy, as roses know the dew.
Like to adoring angels did they ride,
For all were dreaming, dreaming of the Bride.

So one went musing : " 'Tis my yearning art
With epithalamies to find her heart ".
One breathed : " I am her violer, and, lo !
Among the lilies even can Music go ".
And one : " She loves the delicate gods antique ;
And I shall read to her the subtle Greek ".

But her Cupbearer sighed : " Shall I not bring
The last sweet chalice when her maidens ring
The mystic lady, ere the Music lead
To the High Chamber ? May I touch indeed
Cold hands like ivory, and so surprise
The stars and darkness of her nuptial eyes ? " —
I saw a host of slim white pages ride,
And all were dreaming, dreaming of the Bride.

THE CROSS

I praised my Lady's beauty white,
Her soft bright hair, her eyelids sweet :
I sang the delicate delight
That broods upon her hands and feet.
She raised her arms against the West :
Behind her the dark outline grew,
The lilies fell from out her breast,
A spirit crucified I knew.
The Soul upon the body nailed,—
And Love it was the Calvary !
Down smote her eyes on mine, that failed
Before her lonely agony.

THE SWINEHERD SOLILOQUISES

King Easter keeps his rainbow court

With ladies and with knights,

High in a veiled and vivid House,

Fruited with splendid lights.

Rose-jasper and green smaragdus,

That House is builded glorious.

(Black is the hovel, and hard is the bed

*Where the fair Folding Star brings my heavy dark
head.)*

Nine maidens his flute-players are,

With fingers white and long,

Nine slender boys his taborers

To make the music strong.

I, if I cared, with these might sing

And play before the dreaming King.

*(O piercing strange Sorrow that sleeps in my
Reed,*

*Would I sell you a slave, though King Easter had
need?)*

White like Narcissus is the King,

His curls are goldsmith-work,

His hands are like the mages', wrought

Within the Lady-Kirk,—

Ivory weary hands that hold
Great curious caskets, red and gold.

*(But I see when I stare in the amber pool
That the swarthy and swift may be beautiful.)*

When Easter, tired of festival,
Would muse on lovely words,
He reads in precious painted books
Borne up by brazen birds :
Or bids a voice of silver spells
Ring verses, beauty's miracles.

*(But the sylvans and satyrs they give me for love
The old wood-wisdom he knows not of.)*

Since I am strong and he is weak,
His throne shall yet be mine,
Though he be closed in emerald
And I sit watching swine.

A King of Riders, I shall tame
The caitiff world, like rushing flame.

*(In a cloister white shall Monk Easter lie
Like a carven flower, till he shatter and die.)*

IN THE FIELDS OF LOVE

Far apart in the fields of Love,
Brothers, I am weeping.
With song on song in the fields of Love,
Brothers, ye are reaping.
Reap, reap ! For the Star is high.
Weep, weep ! For the Night is nigh.
Soft ye sowed in the fair Springtide
With dreamy rhythmic motion :
And now the rhythmic sickles glide
Amid the golden ocean.
O white sweet Reapers, home ye bear
The sheaves above your yellow hair.
Soft did I sow, soft did I sow
With both my glad white hands ;
My staves of sowing-song rang low
Across the blue spring-lands :—
But never an ear in the harvest hours,
Only a foison of fruitless flowers !
Yet I will bind them into sheaves,
Red, white, withouten number :
And I will crush from the lovely leaves
At least the fruit of slumber.
We flowered and fell for mere delight :—
Bear us away, O Winds of Night.

THE BODY

Only the nest of spices
That spends upon the air
Sweet smoke of sacrifices
When, terrible and fair,
The phoenix Soul arises
The heavenlier gold to dare !—
Alas ! The nest of spices
Fading through earthly air !

THE PILGRIM AND THE REVELLER

“ Fair youth, why linger by the palace-door
Far from the minstrel-din ?

Joy is within :

I hear his dances beat across the floor.

And, lo ! the wand

Of revel-marshal in thy listless hand ! ”

“ Pale pilgrim-girl, why to the House of Mirth
Dost thou draw very near ?

Why bend thine ear

To these vain roundels echoing all of Earth ?

Upon thy breast

The Cross doth bind thee to the Loneliest.”

“ O beautiful strange boy like Eros, hark !

On pilgrimage I came

By sin and shame

Tormented sore. But in my breast long dark

New lilies grow ;

And unto Calvary I cannot go.”

“ O tender, wasted Soul, put forth thine hand.

Take thou this rod desired,

For I am tired.

Take thou the glistening masque-marshal's wand,

And hood my head,

And I will be the palmer in thy stead.”

She took his green white-daisied robes, his chains
Of peridot and pearl,
That pilgrim-girl.

He kissed and gave his ivory staff. Then reigns
Her beauty quite
Like some dark agate-lantern quick with light.

He seized the violet cowls, the carven rood.
His Dionysos head,
Still garlanded,
Broke like flute-music from the sombre hood.
Magnificent
Cross-bearer, down the Path of Pain he went.

THE QUIETIST

I

I dreamed as dream the seraphim
Where God's white roses grew.
Then, lest I caitiff were to Him,
I ran to draw and hew
With them that labour. So my guilt
Seemed over ; but askew
I clove the wood, and ever spilt
The water that I drew.
And bitter was my rue.

II

Then came the Master of Delight
And softly called for me :
" Be still, be still, mine acolyte !
My dreams are laid on thee.
It is enough, it is enough
To hearken and to see
The secret sweetest things of Love,
And waft felicity,—
Yea ! like a white rose-tree."

IMPRESSION OF AUTUMN

One leaf and then another
Fell down the morning blue.
One bird, and then a brother,
Cleaving the crystal flew
From the bright-smouldering tree
Like heralds of some high and splendid Mystery.

Oh ! delicate dim pleasures
About my soul did cling,
Like fumes from fragrant treasures
Borne by a magus-King
In graven censer old
Through cities trembling out the hues of gems and
gold.

Mine eyes did I surrender
To truth. And, lo ! there sat
On every bough of splendour,
Singing Magnificat,
A spirit robed in red
With flaming swirling hair, and scarlet wings out-
spread.

I said : " It is the season
When Life abandoneth
Her immemorial treason,
Her craven fear of Death.
Flame-like, serene and fair,
See how the passing Souls burn through the veils
they wear."

THE MONK AND THE ANGELS

He could no longer fast and pray,
The fair young Monk, and so he lay
Drowned in his trance,—wasted and wan,
Yet sweet as Saint Sebastian.
An Angel stood beside his head
With great dark eyes, and plumes rose-red ;
But wings of emerald flame did beat
Round the gold Angel at his feet.

First Angel—

Glittering lie the roads outside,
For there God's proud crusaders ride,
Superbly as to some King's feast,
Into the great gold-lotos East.
And there God's merry minstrels play
The long Adventure of the Day.
And through the pure green evening
See silver-flaming Hesper bring
God's lovers, moving softly o'er
Shut daisies, to the bridal door.
But *he* lies broken. Is it well,—
This piece of youth, this iron cell ?

Second Angel—

He is not God's crusader,—No !
Nor yet His music-maker. So
No crowned and perfume-burning Hour
Shall bring him to the bridal-bower.
And yet to God he lives and dies
Though but His prisoner he lies.

First Angel—

Natheless, a child of wind and flame,
To dare, to love, to sing he came
Through Youth's may-flowering Paradise.
Rare passions burned within his eyes
Like morning-stars. They rayed and spread
Like peacock-wings behind his head :
Like fiery sandals shod his feet,
And wreathed his curls like garlands sweet,
And strung his lute with silver chords,
And armed him with fantastic swords.

Second Angel—

But, if he fought, his sword was bent
Until his own wild heart it rent :
And, if he danced, he danced, 'tis told,
As might the mad earth-gods of old,
And, if he sang, his heart's desire
Shook silver whorls of Greekish fire
Upon the bastions and the ships :
And, if he kissed, his yearning lips

The flower of rapture quite clove through,
Clove through the rose-leaves and the dew
To find the certain core of pain.
Like a bright banner he could gain
Wild souls to battle. Like a vine
Round dreaming souls did he entwine.
Like Amor in red raiment he
His Pagan meinie daintily
Led through men's quiet dream of life :—
The wake was passion, splendour, strife.
Like the Star Wormwood's, in their seas
His beauty changed to agonies :
A sweet Excess, it hoverèd
Above his gleaming royal head,
As a great jewelled butterfly
With wings of scarlet trembles high
O'er a king-lily honey-white,
Adust with gold of love-delight.

First Angel—

Therefore he heard the Voice one day :
O Child, go thou apart and pray.

Second Angel—

Because, in certain souls, he knows,
The ecstasy of beauty grows
Without the miracle of Will :—
Since they are chosen to fulfil
That bittersweet dark Mystery,

Renunciation, which must be
Maintained for ever. Crown on crown
Is theirs,—that they may cast them down
Upon the cold cathedral-floors,
And see dispart the cloister-doors.

First Angel—

But, oh ! the costly sacrifices !
O waste of roses and rose-spices !

Second Angel—

Yet Peace is with the votarist.
This House of Silence white and whist,
Hath sweetness not of Earth, like musk
Arising through the delicate dusk.
Surely his bleeding feet must go
To joys the joyous never know.
Else could Love be unsatisfied
If through the sunrise-coloured tide
Of singers, warriors, lovers, He
The Black Renunciants cannot see
With hooded head and piercèd heart
Go down the Way of Pain apart ?

First Angel—

*But, oh ! the roses dead that cover
The slain sweet warrior, singer, lover !*

TWILIGHT LOVE

As the faint white ghost of the dying wave drifts inland,

The shadowy wraith of my love breaks over thee.
Not for thy beautiful hands are my hands aching,
Not for thy lips do mine go grey to see.

(Though magical verily

The mouth that is music, the hands that are reverie.)

But fain would my soul through thine ivory doors
and agate

Dusking steal to the place of the secret throne,
And hail thy soul where she sits in her silver twilight,

Rigid, and lovely, and weary with sitting alone.

(As the ghost of a wave is blown

*My Soul would pass and would fall at the foot of
thy throne.)*

MATURITY

Now might the soul, grown wise and delicate,
Be God's diviner, if some passionate power
Could these tired senses plunge and recreate
Within the chaudron of a white-hot hour.
For troubled, troubled are they with the lees
Of much ignoble pleasure, wasteful pain,—
Flawed cups too sullied with vile vanities
The crystal spring of beauty to contain,
Sad viols rended by too frequent rape
To lure a heavenly lutanist at last,
Base moulds too faithful to the satyr's shape
The wild-winged dreams of Victory to cast.
Ah ! let them fiercely forget their shame,
And find virginity within the flame.

LOVE'S DOUBTER

Never within the last illumined veil !
Why should this ever be
Denied to me ?

Oh ! Many souls than mine more earthen-pale
Do that last entrance win.
What is my sin ?

It is excess of love wherein I fail.
O Love, I love Thee so
I fear to go,—

Lest, throned on stained ivory, vermeil
With mystic rose and grape,
Sit—what strange shape ?

TRANSFIGURATION

I dreamed my Lady came
Unto the Doors of Heaven, and spoke her claim
To enter. And I smiled,
Seeing the darling folly of the child.
For, like a faëry queen,
In great-winged robes of glistening gold and green,
Bordered with miniver,
Yet she was gloriously clad, and her
Deep tresses, whorl on whorl,
With love-knot, turkis, emerald and pearl,
Were wreathèd curiously :
While her small shoes (most foolish-dear for me !)
Two monstrous roses bore.
She clasped a carven coffer, filled with store
Of balsams, and dead flowers,
Letters and favours,—drift of Love's fair hours.
Thin chains, caught o'er her arms,
Carried her fans, pomanders, verse-books, charms
And rosaries, all toys
Delightful, all a girl-Joy's little joys.
I kissed her violet eyes,

Her young mouth curled in wistful wondering wise.

“ Oh ! Whither, Love ? ” said I.

Quoth she : “ I will go up to Heaven high

With all my pretty treasure ”.

But I : “ Thou tender Grace, thou delicate Pleasure,

Thou Dearest,—it is dust

Unto the Heavenly hearts. Why, change thou must

To some strange Adoration,

Some lorn, moon-white, moon-cold Renunciation,

Before thou enter in.

O mine own Joy, what wouldest *thou* within ? ”

But from the gates one veiled

Came forth, and gazed upon her eyes that quailed,

And cast her toys away :

(Like shed rose-leaves adown the twilight grey !)

And laid his hand upon

Her bosom. Lo ! Earth's lovely cloud was gone !

From her penumbra freed

The naked Soul stood flaming-white indeed.

She turned on me her eyes

In godlike, dark, intolerable wise,

A solemn Adoration,

A strange indifferent Renunciation.

I moaned : “ I know you not.

Oh ! by my broken heart, I know you not. ”

.

All vain dream-shows withdrawn
Before the grey pure eyes of simple Dawn,
I rose, and musing went
Through glades all dews and daisies, woody scent
And singing larks, unto
Her door ; and saw the lintel branched with yew.
Calm with exceeding fear,
I passed to the dim hall : I saw the bier.
O solemn golden head !
Moon-white, moon-cold, estranged, my Joy lay dead.

“TURN NOT THINE HEAD”

Turn not thine head,
Dreaming with mournful and mysterious eyes,
For so the Dead
Have ever turned, as in some pale surprise
Of parting, just before
They passed within that adamantine door.

Turn not thine head,
Delicate and superb, all purple and gold.
'Tis garlanded
With rue, and coifed with shadow. So, of old,
Love ever looked farewell
Before he passed away,—to Heaven, to Hell?

A CONCLUSION

If all the dream-like things are vain,
If all the strange delight and pain
Of love and beauty cannot be
The heirs of immortality,—
Then shall I worship all the more
Those images I now adore.

If all things perish, it were best
To die with beauty,—lie at rest
In her great drift of ruined roses,
With lovely songs to have our closes,—
Yea, as on some transcendent pyre
Of sandalwood, to pass in fire
Mid broken alabaster, whence
Arise great clouds of frankincense,
Carved ivory and sard, and robes
Of purple dye, and magic globes
Of burning crystal, scattered gems
Like flowers, and holy diadems,
Papyrus writ with perfect rimes,
And lutes fulfilled of tender chimes,
And lucid cups all scripted round
With slim white dancing gods vine-bound,
And agate lamps, whence tongues of light
Flare out into the endless night.

HADES

By the river of flame the pale ghosts go,
 Wandering on and on,
Like thin white clouds by the red-gold flow
 Of the great stream Phlegethon.
But, ah ! when I let my bride-song call
Through the crags and gulfs of the twilight lands,
They tremble, they toss their wasted hands,
 Murmuring : “ *Oh ! The Hour*
 With Love in the earthly evenfall ! ”
For mine is the only dream has power
To run wild-winged by the river red
And quicken the cold hearts of the Dead.

BY THE SEA

The purple Twilight sighing closed her wings about
the lands :

Thin shards of lucid jasper lay upon the silver
sands :

And thy most tired and flower-like head fell o'er
thy pointed hands.

“ Oh ! Hide me, hide me,” didst thou pray, “ Pure
Tower of Ivory !

O Soul of Mary, cover now !” But from the trancen
sea

A golden heathen stranger came, and smiling stood
by thee.

“ Now open, open, Door of Pearl, and let the hunted
in,

For Love hath tracked me to the sea, and the last
throes begin.

Love's arrow thrills upon the string,—nor farther
can I win.”

I saw the naked Stranger white as castled Ivory :

I saw the Door of Pearl unfold by that green-kindled
sea :

For Aphrodite cast her arms, and closed her hands
on thee.

THE LUDOVISI VENUS

Lift her softly like roses,
For, lo ! she is tender and tired,
The wonderful World's desired.
Lift her like sad white roses.

The delicate raiment wavers.
Over the flowery faint
Limbs like the limbs of a saint
The flowing bride-weed wavers.

O Sorrow and Sleep, her maidens,—
Like bending lily-wands
Bow down to the sweet blind hands
That yearn to you, her maidens.

Tired, so tired already !—
And through what gyres, alas !
Of burning souls must pass
She who is tired already.

A GARDEN SONG

While walking in a twilight
As jubilant as dawn,
I heard a silver singing
And, lo ! a dreamy Faun
Upon a lily lawn.

“ O come within the Garden,
And see the Spring a-flower.
Sad mortal folk, I call you,
For in the dewy hour
My music still has power.

“ O come within the Garden.
The Tree of Life will rain
Her healing leaves upon you,
And ye shall find again
The gods ye seek with pain.

“ They dwell within the Garden
Like lilies white and gold.
Oh ! come. With dreams and dances
Adore them as of old.
Forget your idols cold.”

So through the umber twilight
More drenched in light than dawn,
There stole the silver singing
Of that soft-smiling Faun
Upon his lily lawn.

A NOVEMBER LAMENT

My days are losing
 Their leaves of gold.
Love's lips are bruising
 The wounds of old :—
The winds are musing
 Through all my gold.
Black rain and cold
My vines are spoiling,
My paved path soiling ;
 And I remember
 In dim November
 The wounds of old.
Fierce pulses beat
In my hands and feet,
 And in my side,
 This Hallowtide.
Is Pain undying,
O Wind low-sighing
 Through fallen gold,
That I remember
In dim November
 The wounds of old ?

MAY-MUSIC

Oh ! lose the winter from thine heart, the darkness
from thine eyes,
And from the low hearth-chair of dreams, my Love-
o'-May, arise ;
And let the maidens robe thee like a white white-
lilac tree,
Oh ! Hear the call of Spring, fair Soul,—and wilt
thou come with me ?

*Even so, and even so !
Whither thou goest, I will go.
I would follow thee.*

Then wilt thou see the orange trees star-flowering
over Spain,
Or arched and mounded Kaiser-towns that moulder
mid Almain,
Or through the cypress-gardens go of magic Italy ?
Oh ! East or West or South or North, say, wilt thou
come with me ?

*Even so, or even so !
Whither thou goest, I will go.
I will follow thee.*

But wilt thou farther come with me through haw-
thorn red and white
Until we find the wall that hides the Land of Heart's
delight ?
The gates all carved with olden things are strange
and dread to see :
But I will lift thee through, fair Soul. Arise and
come with me !

*Even so, Love, even so !
Whither thou goest, I will go !
Lo, I follow thee.*

PARISINA TO UGO D'ESTE

I gave thee fine green garments
 To clothe thy beauty wrought
Of pale pale pearl and amber ;
 And thou, as lilies ought,
Went sheathed in silken raiment
 When Spring her triumph brought.

I gave thee yearning viols
 That mourned like faint moonrise.
So might of dying roses
 The suppliance arise,—
And as the viol-music,
 The music of thine eyes.

And all I had of sweetness
 I gave thee. Gave thee ?—Nay !
It was a Wind arising
 That blew by night and day
My mesh of burning tresses,
 My tired white hands thy way.

I gave thee love like madness.
 We seemed, since joy began,
Two dancing lights immortal
 That still together ran,
And shadows, shadows, shadows
 Castle and Castellan !

But Death perfumes the garments
Like rosemarie and rue ;
And Death hath strung the viols
That search me through and through ;
And on thy path my beauty
The Wind of Death did strew.

And Death is in those kisses
Most wonderful and wan !
Oh ! how could we remember
When such a love began,
Death is the looming Castle,
Death, Death the Castellan !

PEACE

Green grasses from the Morning take
The riches of the dew,—
Yet know not how nor why they wake
So bright beneath the blue.

Within love's great felicity
My soul slept sweetlier,
And a strange splendour silently
With beauty crystallised her.

THE JOYS OF ART

As a dancer dancing in a shower of roses before her
King

(A dreamer dark, the King)

Throws back her head like a wind-loved flower, and
makes her cymbals ring

(O'er her lit eyes they ring) ;

As a fair white dancer strange of heart, and crowned
and shod with gold,

My soul exults before the Art, the magian Art of
old.

MORNING-MUSIC AT THE TOMB

'Mid strange Egyptian spices,
Great urns of rare perfume,
'Mid all bright sacrifices,
In thy carven tomb,
Dearest, art thou sleeping
Lapt in silver state ?
Hark the Music weeping
Round thy gate !

*(Sweet, O Sweet,
Art thou dreaming of Morn ?
Hark to the calling
Of hautboy and horn !—
Sweet, O Sweet,
Now the Night is outworn.)*

Thy shroud is cloth-of-roses
With psyche-wings o'erstrewn :
Red sard his heart discloses
And chrysoberyl stone.
One deathless lamp is yearning
Thy calm crowned head above :
Thy deathless hair lies burning,
O my Love !

*(Sweet, O Sweet,
Art thou dreaming of Morn ?
Hark to the pleading
Of hautboy and horn !—
Arise, O Sweet,
For the Night is outworn.)*

Yet is it cold and lonely
Thy virgin-chamber, Dear ?
I bring thee solace. Only
Through spells of Death, give ear.
O feet of subtile cadence,
How can ye lie so still,
While here the youths and maidens
Dance at will ?

*(Sweet, O Sweet,
Dream ever of Morn.
Hark to the calling
Of hautboy and horn !—
Sweet, O Sweet,
Is the long Night outworn ?)*

There's One would reap the kisses
Thou didst not yield to me,
And part the veil of byssus
Where sacred lilies be.
His desecrating fingers
Would seize thy foaming hair.
Not while my Music lingers,
Strong as prayer !

*(Sweet, O Sweet,
My heart is outworn.
Hark to my heralds,
The hautboy and horn !—
Sweet, O Sweet,
Art thou dreaming of Morn ?)*

With strange Egyptian spices
I charmed thee from decay ;
With all bright sacrifices
I made thy dark as day.
With sard and chrysoberyl
Thy catafalque is strewn.
But in the House of Peril
Thou art lone.

*(Sweet, O Sweet,
Let thy bridegroom be borne
Even with a music
Of hautboy and horn.
Sweet, O Sweet,
We shall dream of the Morn.)*

INVITATION TO THE ROAD

The World is rosy-pale with may,
Wild-blue the sky above,
The Road one white enchanted way
For sandalled feet of Love.
Come hither, Dearest, hand in hand
Together let us go
Through many a far strange Southern land
Past vineyards and châteaux.
In pointed crimson-lit chapelles
We two shall hear the Mass ;
And pause to hearken antique bells
Where popes and kings did pass:—
Till from some silver height we see
In lakes of light sunk deep
The opal towns of Italy
Like sirens fallen on sleep.

DREAMS OF NIGHT

When thou must lie asleep,
Lowered, bounden as with cerecloths, to that void
Of dim-lit murmuring Slumber, where the cloyed
Slow streams of Hades weep :—

Then shall they leaguer thee,
The hooded host of things outworn, cast-by,
The souls by which thy soul has mounted high
To her felicity.

Faint-sighing tongues shall claim
Part and lot in thee, and cold hands like fear
Annoy thy breast, and mournful eyes once dear
Shall feed on thine like shame.

Stirred to the bitter lees
Shall be the wine-cup of thine heart. Wake,—
wake
Upon a pallid morn, vexed for the sake
Of those tired memories :—

Oh ! troubled through and through
With throbbing of old wounds, with tears unspilt,
With real ache of strange unreal guilt,
A dim remorse of rue.

ON THE WOLD

She is lying out on the great brown Wold
Wrapt in a cloke of lead,
That was used to walk in cloth-of-gold
With pearls on her golden head.

Beneath the drift of low-hung skies,
Under the blasted oak,
The Queen of an earthly Paradise
Sleeps in a leaden cloke.

Soft hands like roses and like dew
They served the Loveliest :
But now a great red wound cleaves through
The beautiful tender breast.

Like a rainbow sprang her castle brave.
Love came through the archer-folk,
And led her out to a shallow grave
Under the blasted oak.

**A SOUL LAMENTS THE DECAY OF HER
BODY**

The moth is in my raiment,
My rose and white brocade.
Like overwearied lilies
Behold it fall and fade !
(So petals fall and fade !)

As fair moth-eaten raiment,
One moment sweet and sad,
Shows frayed unearthly beauty
Far tenderer than it had.
(Far dreamier than it had !)

So, for some soft strange moments
Before it is no more,
My delicate tired splendour
Is rarer than before.
(More wistful than before !)

Ah, me ! When from my raiment
The rose-white wreaths must pale,
Can I endure to wear it,
The spoiled and riven veil ?
(The rent revealing veil !)

Like silver Hesper rising
Through amber-flaming cloud,
So in my bedesmaid's mantle
Shall I go pure and proud ?
(I may go wise and proud.)

But, oh ! Sad lips and eyelids
And flowering fingers white,
That Love will kiss for pity,
As once for mere delight !
(Mere passionate delight !)

THE HERALDS

The heralds came.
With twenty azure trumpeters before,
The heralds came.
Seven slender boys like jonquil-flowers, they bore
Their white and golden graces dreamily,
In April coats, lilac and ivory.

The heralds bowed
Before their lady, and the Music ceased.
Perfect, most proud,
Like some wrought Virgin-Angel from the East
From out her sumptuous niche of blue and green
And gold mosaic gazing, shone the Queen.

“The King returns,”
They told her. “Tired with triumph rides the King.
Behind him burns
The dolour of those amazing lights that spring
From the great pyres of leaguer-strangled towns.
His brow is burthened with excess of crowns.”

But like a flame
Of mournful myrrhs the cry she uttered not :—

“Ah! would he came
*Unkingdomed and unkinged, if so he brought
Dream-haunted eyes, and kisses pure as dew,
And a love-trancen heart,—like one of you!*”

THE DOUBLES

When straight and still the body lies
 Upon the cool white bed,
When from the mouth and ears and eyes
 Their proper bliss has fled ;
When hands are crossed above the heart
 To bar the door to Sin ;—
The Spiritual Counterpart
 Floats upward from her Twin.

Strange love-talk in the land of Sleep,
 Fantastic, obsolete !
Strange murder in the land of Sleep
 And snaring of swift feet !
Oh ! When the urns of Dawn are spilt,
 The Waking hardly know
What rangers in the Woods of Guilt
 Nightlong their spirits go.

Proud faces in the land of Sleep
 Long sunken in the clay !
And kisses in the land of Sleep
 Where lowes red hate by day !
And struggles to the very death
 Until the dreamer wake
With wounded soul and failing breath
 Upon a white daybreak.

THE BEAUTY OF EARTH

I

The crested peacocks bear their gold-green moons
Under the cypresses. Where gloom and gleam
The secret spaces of the great lagunes,
Immaculate king-swans of Leda dream,
While Lotos lies jade-white amid his leaves
Jade-green. From bells and mazers of the
flowers
Bride-odours float through all the gold-hung eyes :
Great virgin-lilies rise like ivory towers,
And damask-roses too desirous die.
Strange rainbows break like music through the
day :—
And when the peace of jewels holds the sky,
Serenely down his emerald-paven way
Exquisite Hesperus goes violing
Through azure dusk, some lonely lovely thing.

II

Stars, doves and moths and pomegranates and
grapes,

Figure Earth's arbour-cloths of sweet delight.

Oh ! sumptuous colours, and most subtle shapes !

Oh ! pageant-place and pleasaunce infinite !—

Yet warriors, wizards, kings assay in vain

The doors of these pavilions fair to win,

Imagined by the angels for the Twain

Whose ecstasy alone may enter in.

For Loved and Lover must in beauty meet

For ever, Psyche white with white Eros

Forget the anguish of their pilgrim feet

Within this purple delicate parclose,

While music, perfume, colour veil the kiss

Whose only flame unseals God's mysteries.

THE MOTHER DESIRES THE JOY OF HER
CHILDREN

[*To K. C. W.*]

Because I had no dancing, they shall dance
With all the rapturous delicate circumstance
Of dancing. Wed my rubies with fine gold
For anklets that their feet
Make music as they beat
Blithely, for in young souls with grieving eyes
Banished from that rich morrice, the song dies.
The song dies, and I ache, I that am old,
For those poor fettered feet
That through no music-making measures beat.

Because I had no silk and fine array,
I shall sit late and spin my heart away
That their bright beauty go in gilded veils,
That ouches decorate
Their idyll passionate.
Ah ! the wronged children that pass hodden years
Lost from the rainbow pageant of their peers !
Like lovers out of old Italian tales
Shall I not decorate
My bridal dreamers pale and passionate ?

Since I drank poverty and ate of it,
They shall have cates for their fair substance fit :
 For their white throats I brew red ypcras.
 Subtle and fierce in truth
 The fevers are of youth,
And languors waste the body whose appetites,
Dainty and haughty, settle on delights
 Alone. Princely and perverse ways ?—Alas !
 Let be awhile, forsooth,
The perishable fevers of proud youth.

Since I bought little love at a great price,
Love shall enclose them like a garden of spice,
 And throb with all their pulses like sweet verse,
 And be their Ganymede,
 Raising them up indeed
The heavenly Cup that turns mortality
To godlike stuff. O trumpets, gorgeously
 Sound sennets for Life's golden challengers,
 When Love their Ganymede
Lifts up his blood-red Cup of dreams indeed.

Since I learned wisdom in an iron school,
Strange horror shall not mar my beautiful
 Idealists, whose feet I shall prevent
 From all the secret snares,—
 From all the obscure lairs

Of libbard kind. For not by broken hearts
Must they be truth's diviners, but by arts

Of sympathy, and pity's sacrament.—

Vain ! Vain ! In those dim lairs
What desperate agonies must yet be theirs !

What I can do no more, no more I say :

With hopeless hope to some sad God I pray.

Since graves I dug for passion and for pride

In this long pilgrimage,

Bright youth to ashen age,—

Be merciful to those dear blazoned folk,

Nor bow such crested heads beneath the yoke

Of disillusion. Freely let them ride,—

Though the Grey Howff called Age

Greet not the pilgrims of this pilgrimage.

THE SUNSET OF DESPAIR

I saw the sunset fade to-night,
A dropping fleece of scarlet light
 Upon a pale-green sky ;
And all the passion of my youth,
And all God's beauty and His truth
 Did in that sunset die.

DEATH'S SERENADE TO YOUTH

Thy torches and thine archer-guard
They ring thee round in vain :
In vain thine oaken doors are barred
And iron-flowered amain.

Lay down, lay down thy painted lute
Since all thy songs are done.
Now must thou hear a harsher bruit
For all my songs are one.

O fair, O frail, the red rose hides
Gem-caught behind thine ear ;
Thy heavy curls are like a bride's,
But I come near, come near.

Turn from thy lover, smiling slow,
To hearken me, albeit
Mine is a voice thou canst not know,
For it is nothing sweet.

Think'st thou thy red and white to be
Rare rose-immortal stuff,
A cup for God's best wine ?—But He
Hath used it long enough.

He casts it me to break, undo.

Thine hair shall thatch a grave :
Thine eyes are mine to ruin through.
Love, Love?—*He* cannot save.

His head is bowed between his wings,
A horror of the tombs
He hath,—of all unlovelike things.
Behold his sumptuous plumes !

Their orbéd gold and bright email,
Auroras blue and green,
Are as a milkwhite peacock's pale,
For he my thrall hath been
Since, of his Eden, subtle Sin
Set wide the gates, and I came in.

THE LIFE-TREE

Beauty hangs crucified
Upon the great Life-tree.

The thorns are woven round the gracious head :
The Very Blood that makes the roses red
Is falling from the hands and feet and side,
Is falling down on thee.

Beauty hangs crucified
Upon the great Life-tree.

THE STIGMATA

So are the loveliest things the mournfullest.
They take no rest, no rest
From gazing on the Passion of their Lord,
Till, on their souls impressed,
They bear the Five great Wounds they have adored.

THE WANDERING DANCER

I am a wandering dreamer
With wings upon my feet ;
And even as a comb of honey
My secret soul is sweet.
(Is not the perfume sweet ?)

Before great Winds of Sorrow
I dance thro' burning hours ;—
But the dreams to my soul are homing
With souls of a thousand flowers.
(The souls of virgin flowers !)

My tired fantastic body
Is wrought of flame and sleep,—
Not pure and cold as a vase is
My sweet sweet soul to keep.
(My dream-drenched soul to keep.)

I will bring my soul to an altar,
To God I will offer it up,
To be the food of the angels
In a ruby-dropping Cup.
(A fair vine-jewelled Cup.)

The blue and the scarlet angels
With hair in great gold strands,
That are throned in their pleasure-arbours
With viols and lutes in their hands,—
(Or dulcimers under their hands)

The splendid ivory angels
Will bend o'er the vine-wreathed bowl,—
With long white dainty fingers
Will break and eat my soul.
(O mystical Feast of my Soul !)

Before great Winds of Sorrow
Let me go dancing by.
Without the honey-dreamers,
The Angels of God would die.
(Angels and gods would die.)

“NOR GOOD NOR EVIL ”

I

Nor good nor evil reigns in beauty's heart,
But that wine-burning trouble bred from both :
Nor is there any alchemy to part
Those elements the brooding gods betroth.
For from these deathless bridal inveteracies
The passionate pattern of the world is wrought :
And so their shy enraptured broideries
The springtide branches to the Earth have
brought :
And so the mounting waves and tides are born
In volutes wrought of amethyst and pearl :
And so the gods of sunset and of morn
Their scarlet and green-burning wings unfurl :
Therefore the hills in yearning contours rise,
The proud stars move like masquers thro' the skies.

II

Shall Good prevail?—O Dreamer, it may be
 The Evil is immortal as the Good.
 From this dim coil of married ecstasy
 Springs flaming, fading, every splendid Mood.
 And only the Hidden Wisdom can divine
 How the white-poppy paths of drowsy rest
 To pits of dark oblivion might decline ;
 Or in what lairs of sloth the wounded breast
 Of the Bright God might from his Passion cease,
 Should the Dark Agonist for ever pass.
 When the tired body ends in perfect peace
 What deathly lapse from beauty then, alas !—
 So might thy strange twy-natured spirit find
 Corruption, should the burning snake unwind.

A MEDLEY OF KINGS

King Richard loved victorious things :
King Richard garnered them ;—
But never the crown of the ransomed town
Of fair Jerusalem.

*(His tears ran down for the hapless town
Of wronged Jerusalem.)*

King Philip was the garlander
Of pleasure's flowering closes :
But he tired at eve when the green skies grieve,
His feet in the ruined roses.

*(Sorrow at eve when the green skies grieve
Above the ravished roses !)*

The Emperor kept his holy throne,
More sad than captives be,
For his soul was afar with the olden war
In tameless Italy.

*(Dying afar 'mid the wild strange war
In delicate Italy !)*

King René lived in a gilded house
All broidered like the Spring :
From morn till night he took delight,
Versing and violing.

*(Till the hush of night he took delight
Versing and violing.)*

In some dim dusk the splendid Three
Have hid their sombre eyes.
But René awoke in his turquoise cloke
'Mid singing Paradise.
*(In his daisied cloke 'mid the angel-folk
And the harpers of Paradise !)*

THE END

When lilies frail
Through the sad sea-green vespertide prevail,
When the dews come,
When all the golden flutes of day are dumb,
When still the young stars tremble, and are pale,—

Then Pleasure tires,
Amazèd at his own dreams and desires,
Then delicate
Is Love like very Death, then even Hate
Forgets at last his heart's red-sunken fires :—

Then, mourning low,
The beautiful strange Passions leave thee : “ *So*
There is no prey
For heavenly hunters in this dusty way.—
Farewell, spent Soul—that wearied long ago !”

HOLLYHOCKS

The hollyhocks, the hollyhocks
Grew up like magic towers.
White Love among the hollyhocks
Went fluting thro' the flowers.

A town of towers the hollyhocks
Sprang up the golden air,
And Love, white Love with gilded locks,
Was Music's fountain there.

And some were towers of ivory
Wherein his dreams could bide,
And some were towers of porphyry
That his desires might hide.

The black rains gathered in the East
And stormed upon the flowers.
Oh ! Dead lay Love, long ere they ceased,
Among the ruined towers.

Yet things of beauty's temper must
Not perish mortally.
Their shapes are beaten in the dust :
They, having been, shall be.

Love and his town of hollyhocks
Live on in God's delight.
*But, ah! the rose-red hollyhocks
Are white among the white.*

THE YOUNG MARTYRS

They wore their wounds like roses
Who died at morningtide.
From Youth's enchanted closes,
From loves that did adore them,
With perfumes broken o'er them,
As bridegroom goes to bride,
They rode the Flaming Ride.
They wore their wounds like roses
Who in their morning died.

MIDNIGHT

Strange powers unused like poison burn in me :

Cruel quicksilver thro' my veins they creep.

What hour will bring mine infelicity

Some drowsy cup from the mild founts of sleep?

Tired sieges of high castles never taken,

Desires like great king-falcons never cast,

Beautiful quests all wearily forsaken,

Figure the fiery arras of the Past.

The pale Dreams walk on the horizons grey ;

Like stars they tread the dawn with flaming feet :

Their eyes for evermore are turned away.

I heard their silver trumpets once entreat :—

Low sighed the caitiff Voice : “ *They sound in vain.*

Let them go by. It is not worth the Pain.”

RECALLED

The Sleep that lies within my breast

Like a pomegranate seed

Hath stirred within the sheaths to-day,

And put forth wings indeed.

(*"O lids like white poppy-leaves!"*—This is why,
I would sleep, I would sleep, though it were to die.)

The Sleep the Veilèd Woman spins

Upon the wheel of Time

Hath woven marriage-veils for me

More soft and rich than rime.

(*"O long white hands, are ye slow in embraces?"*—
In the dim blue dusk how strange are your faces.)

And I imagine lovely Sleep

Like some great marble well,

Where naked rose-crowned souls go down

Singing, at vesperbell.

(*"Let the citharist come: be the spices unsealed!"*—
In the laver of Sleep I shall float and be healed.)

A dream from that immortal Sleep

Am I, and wandering through

Passes of love and hate have spoiled

And strayed as dreams will do.

(*"Lift, heavy white lids, while the Dance goes by!"*—
I would sleep, I would sleep, though it were to die.)

But Sleep, inviolable dusk

Of sapphire, now resumes

Her wandering dream, and richer is

For some sad strange perfumes.

(*"O long white hands, are ye tired of embraces?"—*

In the blue blue shadows, how pale are your faces.)

O marriage-veils of amethyst,

O flower-strewn marble well,

O twilight glistening with dews,

O tender passing-bell!

(*"All the fountains of beauty for you are unsealed."*—

I am faint with my wounds, I am fain to be healed.)

THE DEAD HEART

The Handmaiden :—

Come in, come in, dark Merchantman,
Bringing your wares, and if you can
Please the sick heart in our lady's breast
With glistening spoil of the East or West,
Much gold shall be yours, dark Merchantman.
Follow me, follow me softly thro'
These winding ways to the turkis-blue
And emerald court. On the great Divan
Hid in her brazen hair she lies,
Watching the water with wide grey eyes.

Merchantman :—

Pierced perfume-balls and incense-burners these,
Wrought by the lotos-people of the East ;—
Flaskets of odours from the roseries
Wherein the Persian love-god keeps his feast !—
Love you my rich devices ?—

Lady :—

Nay ! Nay ! I hate sweet spices.
They stir the darkness of my heart like guilt,
Finding strange altars there I never built.

M. This hanging mosque-lamp, broidered with
blood-red

And sapphire, ravished by a perilous
Adventure, might illume your garlanded
White chamber, like seraphic Sirius.

'Tis a triumphal jewel.—

L. Nay! Nay! For Light is cruel.
White flame or rainbow flame, all's one to me
Who loathe the world they brighten equally.

M. This delicate store of dark Etruscan kings
Kindled a stone death-chamber. Oh! behold
Frail necklet-chains dropping sweet subtle things,
Victories, vaselets, flowers of beaten gold.

It is a magian treasure.—

L. Nay, then. Give me a measure
Of such black slumber as those dead goldsmiths keep,
Thickened with centuries, no dream-thin sleep.

M. Jewels of price, blue-beryl, amethyst,
Sardonyx, grey and green chalcedony,
Graven with Graces, Muses, Loves, or whist
Lyreplayers,—gods of rapture and reverie
Sunk in translunar trances.—

L. Peace, peace! For now the chances
Of Beauty's folk, Joy and those gauds of hers,
Are less than the rimes of some old cradle-verse.

M. This glowing Cup where martyrs evermore,
White in their robes of azure and vermeil,
Imparadised in burning gold adore
The Passion and Wisdom Pain's pure hands unveil,
Shall bring you Wine of Healing.—
L. Nay ! For mine unrevealing
And unrevealèd misery no Vine
Of Sacrifice hath bled,—oh ! not for mine.

M. Look ! In a sphere of solemn crystal, faint
Like music, sacred visions rise milkwhite.
So with serene strange dreams thy soul acquaint :
Dolour should burn it clear and exquisite,
An orb where heavenly shapes are.—
L. Hence ! For as wrung grapes are
Thy carven toys. Shall I whose breast is thrust
With seven swords, take pleasure in thy dust ?

M. Within the disks of these my passion-flowers
Unperishing, their spirits flaming sit,
Archers of beauty that from jewelled bowers
Send arrowy sweetness thro' the wistful wit
Of their diviner, Sorrow.
Thine eyes did never borrow
Sad splendour from the eyes of the Seven Lords
Of the Seven Stars, that bear the Seven Swords.

For thy doomed soul is empty of desire :—
Nor the lost Angel of an ardent sin
Leadeth her wild feet thro' the rains of fire
Until the ascent of Beauty's Mount begin.
But some cold lust lies sleeping
Around thine heart ; some creeping
Satiety forbids like serried ice
The sieges of colour, music, dreaming spice.

L. Then work a miracle, O merchant-god,
For I am weary, weary of the cold !—
And hast thou magic in that ivory rod
Twisted about with strange symbolic gold ?
M. Yea ! From this deadly hollow,
Thy life, come follow, follow
Down to the realms of pity and of pain.
In agony thou shalt be born again.

HYPNOSIS

I. The Physician of Souls

Soft webs of sleep I weave over and round you,
Ye troubled and bewildered and downcast,
In a clear coil of quiet I have wound you,
In crystal trances have I locked you fast :
For here is sanctuary now at last.
Poor hunted souls of sin and pain and pride,
Forget the questing hounds that wait outside.

I have wrung power from those narcotic spices
That rise amid life's dark Gethsemanes :
And I have made obscure strange sacrifices,
Turning to pities all mine agonies,
Healing mine own pang in your maladies.
Bearing your diverse burthens on my breast
I feel no more my heart, the heaviest.

Round your tired brows divine compassion closes
Under my tranquil hands. Children of rue,
I will restore again your ruined roses
With dim rich processes as of the dew.
The evil knots of sorrow I undo.
All secret shameful wrongs I search and try
With kind insistent eyes that purify.

No hard disdain have I, no smiting anger,
 Sad playthings of the cruel unknown God,
 Who made alike your limbs of flame and languor
 And the bright dreadful Passions that have trod
 Your souls, and kneaded to a burning clod
 Your bodies.—Peace, poor lepers all would shun,
 Shield-losers in a battle but begun !

I see the various torments, the keen crises,
 The incontrollable throes that craze the brain :
 My subtle trance the dying soul surprises
 In her great plexus and nerve-plot of pain.
 Ah ! wounds that come in fighting, ah ! the vain
 Breaking of hearts in racing,—ah ! the torn
 Breasts that endure, O Love, that scourge of thorn !
 Lutelike desire to dreamy women calling,
 Mania hurling men to red despairs,
 Empoisoned arrows thro' the dusk air falling
 Upon the noblest, lily-covered snares
 Hid where the loveliest walk unawares,
 Base lures that take the falcon of the will,—
 I know with the pardoning knowledge of good and
 ill.

But hush now ! It shall come to pass in sleeping
 That Pity shall achieve sweet miracles,
 This wild investiture of anguish steeping
 In some pure peace beyond the heavens and hells,
 Where only the infinite soul of mercy dwells.
 Be sealed, ye suffering eyes, that ye may wake
 With quiet lids the fevers must forsake.

Upon your perverse rapture of illusion
 I lay my will, mournful, serene and wise.
 Lo ! it is over now, the long confusion !
 Accept the yoke of Destiny. Arise
 As patient pilgrims under iron skies.
 Let the proud Cup of Sacrifice assuage
 The torment of youth, the weariness of age.

II. The Trance. (From Within)

Here is the Truce of God. The limèd Soul is taken
 From out the Fowler's craft: her broken wings
 lie still.

Dear mystery of Peace ! Let me not ever waken
 Within the hopeless coils of ravelled good and ill.
 (*No more of good and ill ! Let broken wings lie
 still !*)

Under my lids no more the unshed tears are burn-
 ing ;
 The trumpets and the viols fade from the verges
 blue ;
 While delicately lie my weary hands unlearning
 The unholy piteous things poor slaves like these
 must do.
 (*Ah ! hated things to do beyond the verges blue !*)

The tender Miracle hath sealed and separated
 The five fantastic senses from their subtle sins.
 I lapse away from all vanities loved and hated,
 Where Time is a dead moon, and ecstasy begins.
*(God's hidden love begins behind the sense and
 sins.)*

Like lotos dreams the soul, lulled in her resignations :
 The trance flickers with fire : it is a cloudy glass
 Where triumphing Desires and veiled Renunciations,
 Great masques of wings and flames, of gods and
 angels pass.
*(Hallowed and heathen pass within the darkened
 glass.)*

Deep in my wounded breast is born some passionate
 patience
 As honey dew in flowers: some power above me
 saith :
 "Let the Desires go by. Those veiled Renunciations
 Follow." The voice is sweet, but strong as very
 death.
*("Even so," the still heart saith, "since thou art
 strong as death.")*

Here is the Truce of God. Let me not ever waken
 Within His mortal toils of ravelled good and ill.
 Let me not find again the pangs of His forsaken,
 For half I comprehend the sweetness of His will.
(O sweet and bitter Will ! O ravelled good and ill !)

A VISION FROM PERGOLESI

A chamber-wall, builded of ivory,
I saw, and one white urn
Whence there sprang triumphing a red rose-tree.
Like very love did the dark petals burn,
While a maid-angel stood with mournful eyes,
Pale from her Paradise:—
“ These roses must I pluck to strew the way
Of one that leaves the world for God this day ”.

Then to my patient soul
A strait pure music, wearing some delicate veil,
By the more secret ways of hearing stole,—
A music like roses, young
Red and white roses, in sad garlands hung
Upon eternal ivory. “ Angel pale,
The Rose-tree of the world must bleed this day
To make more beautiful her heavenly Way.”

THE DEAD ACOLYTE

Let the spice-bowls richly fume
Through the amber morning,
His fair Progress to the tomb
Splendidly adorning.
Nothing now can violate
Soul and body dedicate.

Lover of white Artemis,
White he lay a-dying.
Never through the Mysteries
Did the doves' low crying
Lure him. Chaste and dreamlike he
As his fine grave-lekythi.

O ye pure boy-acolytes
With great eyes of sorrow,—
Pity not his moon-charmed nights ;
Weep your own wild morrow ;
Weep your beauty Love shall tame,
Carding it on looms of flame.

Let the kindled spices fume
Through the amber morning :
Vases bring, his garden-tomb
With sweet shapes adorning.
He hath peace, for whom ye wear
Mournful garlands on your hair.

“WHEN TOO TOO SOON”

When too too soon the haughty star of Youth,
While heavenly passion-music mourns, at last
Declining from his soaring azimuth,
Heirs the sad zones where perished lights are
cast ;

When the great purple iris 'neath my lids
Is faded ; when, grown deaf and dumb and blind,
The Soul that companied with Pierids
Stumbles thro' pain some hiding-place to find ;—
Your love-charmed eyes will see her then as now,
Daring and delicate and blithe as fire,
Wreathed with sweet beauty like a white may-
bough,

Upcasting to the sun her ivory lyre !—
*Alas ! Alas !—Who then can lead the blind
Lost penitent her hiding-place to find ?*

THE UNKNOWN SWORD-MAKER

Upon the anvil of mine heart
His merciless mysterious art
 Forged me the sword of will.
He damascened with curious wit
And in my tears he tempered it ;
 ' Tis mine for good or ill.
Out of blind longing was it wrought,
Obscure intensities of thought,
 And wild imaginings,—
Desperate impulses to gain
Impossible goals, and great disdain
 For baffled abject things.
Indeed I know not whence it came,
Excalibur of pride and shame
 That smites mine own breast through
As often as mine enemies ',
Yet hath dominion over these,
 And shall unvanquished hew,
While I draw agonising breath,
Some honourable way to death.

SPOIL

I have stolen from thee sweet spoil.

Like great bright heavy bees,

My two eyes clang to thee :—

Seeking for ecstasies,

My sad soul sprang to thee.

With strange felicities

Laden they come. But wilt thou not assoil ?

Art thou less rich for mine ethereal spoil ?

DIADUMENOS

The Diadumenos with dreaming face
His delicate head bows down.
Wistful and wondering, the white boy-grace
Lifts up his hands to crown
His hyacinthine hair
With fillets fair.

“ I crown myself, I crown myself so young,
For young must I go hence.
The dedication-song is over-sung
That brings mine innocence
To my strange Lover, Death,
My Lover, Death.”

THE BODILY BEAUTY OF THE BELOVÈD

Like to some dreaming Rapture, 'mid the clangour
Of all the cymbal-choir of Cybele
Still standing clothed in great white veils of languor,
Strange Powers, O my Belovèd, fashioned thee.
For thou as flame art radiant and prevailing,
Though trancelike as the petals of white flowers,
And subtly weary like a wave in failing.
Most strange, O my Belovèd, are those Powers
That thro' rich rings of amethyst allurèd
The spirits of thine eyes, the glistening
Spirals of thy mysterious hair repurèd,
And wrought thine hands and feet 'mid violing.
O hands and feet, so tender and so tirèd,
Hapless and white, desiring and desirèd !

ECSTASY

O ye that look on Ecstasy
The Dancer lone and white,
Cover your charmèd eyes, for she
Is Death's own acolyte.
She dances on the moonstone floors
Against the jewelled peacock doors :
The roses flame in her gold hair,
The tired sad lids are overfair.
All ye that look on Ecstasy
The Dancer lone and white,
Cover your dreaming eyes, lest she—
(*Oh ! softly, strangely !—*) float you through
These doors all bronze and green and blue
Into the Bourg of Night.

TO THE LOST LOVER

With fanciful strange Sorrow, I sat me down to sup,
Taking from her long hands the scarlet agate cup ;
And Sleep, the beautiful boy, came up to kiss me
there,

Great garlands of red roses wrought round his calm
curled hair.

Ah ! let me dwell for ever within their lapis-blue
And emerald House of Viols, for still they speak of
you.

THE APPEAL OF THE LORD JOYEUSE

The young Joyeuse rode thro' the town
Upon a silver steed.

Green as the spring was his long gown,
And like a rare bindweed
Great purple jewels and white pearls
Clung round his breast and bright love-curles.

His eyes were wells, and starlike there
Slept dreams of antique joy,
Of Babylon and sweet Beaucaire,
Of Sestos and of Troy.

Of rimes his honey month was full,
His heart of morning music cool.

The carven Town beneath the Wood
Was richer than may-dews
When at his gates the Black Prior stood,
And cursed the Lord Joyeuse :

“ Yea ! Like the Morning Star that fell,
Shalt thou go burning into Hell.

“ Thou lurest souls like thurifers
From altars veiled and lit ;
Thy dancers and thy fluteplayers,
They bring thee to the Pit.”

His reins the Lord Joyeuse let fall,
And cried to God before them all.

And cast his hands into the sky,

“ O Thou that lovedst well

The scarlet lilies, what am I

Whom he would thrust in hell ?

Judge, O thou Dreamer of the East,

Lord of the Heavenly Wedding Feast !

“ There passed by hills and garden-glades

Music of miracles ;

The masquing children, pale bridemaids,

Broidered Thy parables ;

Fair souls like sumptuous flowers were best

Beloved, and lay upon Thy breast.

“ Spicebearers to Thy cradle came,

Spicebearers to Thy tomb ;

Thine hands the red Love-cup like flame

Gave in the Upper Room ;

And round Thy brows didst Thou entwine

Great symbols of the Rose and Vine.

“ Thou, Thou hast made Joyeuse, and these

Lovers of earthly grace,

Thine avenue of almond-trees,

Thy flowering pleasure-place,

Thine orchard that, when Spring is tired,

Shall bear its Lord the fruit desired.”

THE GOLDEN EARL AND THE WISE-
WOMAN

“ The Golden Earl, he must not ride
By the Weary Sands to-day.
Like silver hawks bright flashes glide
Across the heavens grey.

“ ’Tis Hallowtide. He must not ride
By the Weary Sands to-day.”

“ Oh ! I shall ride this Hallowtide
Though God’s own Falcon prey.

“ Death-hawk or dove may fly above,
But I have a need of rest,
And I ride to the House of my father’s love,
To the towers where sleep is best.”

“ Ride not, ride not, Golden Earl,
For when you play at the Ring
In gay gilt armour, wreath of pearl,
The red-clad harpers sing.

“ Like birds they sing ; and the tired old King
Takes pleasure verily :
The Golden Earl must his beauty bring,
Must his Cupbearer be.”

“ I will not ride the Ring, bear forth
The Cup for the musing Sage :
Of music and mirth and the Pride of Earth
My youth is as tired as his age.”

“ Among the white white apple-trees
Like fountains, goes the fair
Young Queen in her purple broideries.
Will you not linger there ?

“ O Spoiler of Love’s orchards, why
Will you ride by the Weary Sands
While the death-hawks fly in the sullen sky,
Away from her flowery hands ? ”

“ I dreamed of Love but yester-night
With wounds on the hands and feet.
So the Queen may laugh in her orchard white
Or weep in her sandal seat.”

“ O Golden Earl my soul would save,
When dawn was on the sea
There ran like a wave to the jasper grave
A wraith that might watch for thee.

“ For the Weary Sands they welcomed her,
And the sea that covereth,
When she knew thy loving-mercies were
More terrible than death.”

“ To the Weary Sands as to Paradise
I ride this day. Farewell !
Since I would seek her ghostly eyes
Beyond the yetts of Hell.

“ Margaret, Margaret, I ride fast
To the tryst of my long desire.
Where I kiss the wounded hands at last
Is Heaven though it ring with fire.”

BLOSSOM TIME

The snow-white lilac on the lawn
Is rich as great swan-plumes ;
The chestnut, all rose-candles, like
A marriage-altar blooms.
And white may-tree to red may-tree
Sings passionate replies
As bridesmen and bridesmaidens do
Across Love's pure parvise.
Laburnum's yearning branches drip
Faint music like your soul ;
Virginal violet-spices float
From Spring's engraven bowl.
The sacred frenzy of the god,
O Sweet, do not deny,
Lest suffering strange and cold befall
When He has passed you by.

A TRIUMPH-SONG

Sing, O ye flutes. Cast the roses, ye maidens !
Spread the blue canopies castled with bells
At their four silver spires. Ah ! the ecstasy wells
And leaps Time's last verge in a solemn smooth
cadence.

Like the fair folk of old
That were married with beauty and chambered in
gold

Ere they passed out to die
On Spring's altar, so I,

Beneath my blue canopy castled with bells,
Dream-fast as the Bride of the Canticles,
My triumph bring thro' the sumptuous hours,
This passionate path of pomegranate-flowers,
Till the twilight come,
And the flutes are dumb

Before the hill which is Calvary.

(The Music and I, diviners we !)

For the Way of Joy is the Way of Loss :
Like a lover it runs to the Darkest Cross.

RESTRAINT

Rise up early from the Feast :
Lift thine hand, and come away
Ere the violins have ceased,
Ere the cruel Dawn be grey,
Reveller with roses crowned !
Ah ! the sad satieties
When the grace-cup shall go round
And they taste the bitter lees.
Beauty slipt from them like snow,
Winter sieging them without,
As the lamps burn gross and low
So their souls must flicker out.
Rise up early from the Feast
With a chaste and radiant will,
Ere the violins have ceased,
Loving roses, music still.
Mount the moonwhite steed and ride
While thine heart is hot in thee ;—
With thine ivory horn beside,—
Ride for Immortality.
Sound the blast, and win the Town,
Let the walls of Death fall down.

THE UNICORNS

In lands like faded arras-broideries
Where dead green skies are veiled with golden trees,
With golden trees, from whose frail branches young
Star-tangled jasmine in great ropes is hung,—
There, while the morning star is fluting low,
The amazing silver Unicorns must go
Until the naked souls of maidens, white,
Wondrous and sad, come thro' the chrysolite,
Parting the golden boughs, the jasmine veil,
To garland the Unicorns with roses pale,
And ride them down the glades of smouldering gold,
Ride, till the unearthly dews like sevenfold
Fountains flash over them ; for soon they hear
The far hallali,—for he thunders near,
Love, Love, the dreadful Hunter, and he tires
The splendid Unicorns, the untamed Desires
For some impossible peace where quietly
Strange Psyche-magic of virginity
Its unimagined flowers and fruits might bear
At last,—some castled Mirabel moon-fair
With cloistered lilies, carven ivory things,
Some gold and jasmine throne, closed in with wings,
.
.
.
.
So in that wistful wood the wild souls fly,
While on the strait white bed their bodies lie.

RISPETTO

Radiant and restless as the daffodil
Thou led'st the revels of the maytide bands.
Now art thou as the temple-children still
Who carry spikenard in their calm white
hands.

O lady like mournful Latin litanies,
I know the incense of those reveries.
So moves the beauty, veiled and quieted,
That keeps the sacred kisses of the Dead.

DIRGE FOR NARCISSUS

(Neo-Platonic)

Sing sorrow for the body fair
That faded like white flowers :
Sing sorrow for the perished Soul
That lost immortal hours.

*(The Soul that was more beautiful
Lies drowned in pleasure's crystal pool.)*

Now close the lucid mournful lids
Above the purple eyes.
Carved like the dreamy bridal-god
Weary Narcissus lies.

*(The Soul that was more beautiful
Lies drowned in pleasure's crystal pool.)*

Twine violets round his heavy hair.
Fair Fauns, about the spring
In brazen bowls, oh ! sweetly burn
The frank wood-spice ye bring.

*(The Soul that was more beautiful
Lies drowned in pleasure's crystal pool.)*

**Mysterious victors o'er him drave
Their burning steeds. Alas !
The lilies of his beauty lay
Charmed in the fountain's glass.**

*(The Soul that was more beautiful
Lies drowned in pleasure's crystal pool.)*

**That beauty still shall linger here
As frail and wistful flowers ;
But perished is the drowsy Soul
That lost immortal hours.**

*(Sing sorrow for the beautiful
Sad Soul that sank in pleasure's pool.)*

THE PHOENIX

The wings of Heaven, flaming blue,
 Closed over rose-red Araby :
The crystal trances of the air
 Leaguered the lonely fragrant Tree,

When from the mystery of myrrhs,
 The soft enraptured incense-flame,
From the death-dreaming Nardus born,
 The beautiful bright Phoenix came.

Above the dying spice he hung :
 Then those impassioned plumes of his
Clave their inviolable way
 To holy Heliopolis.

THE FORECAST

The red Damascus-roses are
Not red enough for thee :
Not strange enough the Love that flutes
Where virgin-lilies be.
Unto the heavy apple-boughs
Thou wilt not stretch thine hand,
Dreaming the great triumphant vines
Of some unearthly land.
So far beyond Joy's azure zones
A wild way thou must go,
To pluck cold fruits of sleep and death
In the orchards of the snow.

THE TREE OF LIFE

Under the green skies of Eternity

My soul from labyrinthine sleep strayed out ;
And saw Life triumph like a flaming Tree.

Rivers of radiant roots were coiled about
Mysterious transcendent gods, Adonis-shapes,

The genii of the beautiful arts, supine
In their rich cloisons, violet-blue as grapes.

The fruits that burned upon the branches nine,
Passional pomegranates, for ever beat

Bright unison with those dreaming hearts below.
On either side the Tree adored the sweet

And terrible Cherubim, Love, Death,—*and, oh !*
Ye mighty blue-green wings all spined with gold,
Be constant,—though the emerald skies are cold !

THE DRYAD

Upon a lawn I lay
One crystal autumn day
Among the dead rose-smouldering leaves, and grew
Idle and clear and rich of soul. Like dew
Upon the lawn I lay :

And watched a lonely tree,
Rich as a reverie,
That drenched the eye with magic,—all unshed,
Yet dyed to one great cloud of tender red,
The Illusion of a tree.

Within the resting skies,
Hushed like a Paradise,
Sweet colours dwelt,—pale gold and faint leaf-green,
A stain of drowsy scarlet,—oh ! serene
And radiant skies.

Throughout my quiet soul
To Time's mysterious goal
October like a golden river ran,
And gleaming silts of lovely peace began
To settle through my soul.

Meseemed I rested on
Great lawns of Avalon.

Gazing upon the delicate dim-red tree,
Softly subdued to pure felicity,
I lay in Avalon.

.

From out the brooding Tree
A crimson shape shook free,
And towards me floating like a leaf it strayed :
Behold, I murmured (yet I was afraid),
The Dryad of the Tree !

But, ah ! What eyes at last
Arraigned me with things past !
Wounding to death, the Vision drifted by,—
And yet, and yet, what wrong to her did I
Those autumn days long past ?

*Sweet, is it Thou, even Thou ?
Then surely I know now
That pardon is a dream of breaking hearts,
That mere Eternity asunder parts
Sin from atonement now.*

A fierce bale-fire to me
Triumphed that blood-red Tree :
And all October through my soul stormed on
Like the strong tide of flaming Phlegethon,
Wasting and harrying me.

THE MASQUE OF PROTEUS

Hark through the azure veils ! For Orpheus plays
 Upon the star-strung Lyre,
 Luring the Masque of Matter through dim ways
 Of rhythmical desire.

Gaze through the veils. The Pomp of Proteus dances,
 God, hero, satyr, ape,
 By flaming raptures, long amazèd trances,
 Moving from shape to shape.

Swift goblins of corruption, dubious powers
 Of sea and earth and air,

Passionate wings and cast-up hands, faint flowers
 And flying hooves are there.

In gracious and grotesque and mournful measures
 They triumph and they tire :

Their yearning pains, their wild repentant pleasures
 Obey that secret Lyre.

.

Behind the Veils the strange Musician dwells.

Alone the Unchanging, He,
 Whether He fold the sheep in twilight dells
 Of tender Arcady ;

Or hunt on Thracian hills His sacrifice
 With furious timbrelling ;

Or steal through Easter morn like burial-spice,
 The dreaming garden's King.

THE HOUR OF CONFESSION

The fires of day are dying.
Through the blue embertide, the dew-drenched grass,
Mysterious music-makers mourning pass.
Sweet flowers wax yet more sweet,
Like moths the frail stars beat.
All seals dissolve in sighing.

O Soul that would not sever
Daylong from that proud armour all annealed
With sphinxes and with sirens, be revealed
Fair, desperate as thou art,
A red wound o'er the heart,
Lest we be lost for ever.

EMBALMED

I saw the fair dead knights go by
In the Cathedral close to lie,
 Covered with gold and red
Velvet as red as hollyhocks,
With roses in their long bright locks,
 As if they were not dead,
Who in the House of Subtle Arts
For splendid spice had changed their hearts,
Their wounded hearts. Therefore although
Like iris-flowers the jouvenceaux
Ringed the King's daughter on her chair,
And emeralds crowned her burning hair,
Serenely passed the Dead Knights by
'Mid the Cathedral close to lie.
Who in the House of Subtle Arts
For splendid spices change their hearts
Trouble no more. They do not care
How the King's daughter crown her hair,
 Those delicate strange Dead,
For whose charmed souls their Fate hath span
Some endless dream Egyptian,
 Of Helen's lotus-head.

THE LUTEPLAYER

Garlanded gracious folk there were
Among the pointed cypresses
That hearkened to a Luteplayer,
A gilded boy from Heathenesse.
(Like one that pours red wine sang he
The strong sweet love of Arcady.)

But, ah ! their souls were lonelier
Amid the emerald twilight spaces.
They listened to the Luteplayer
With dreams and sorrow on their faces.
(For they had learned in Christentie
To love more bitterly than he.)

THE MAGI

Male-incense, mighty myrrhs they gave,
Shut in enamel and fine gold,
Then o'er the porphyry sands returned
To their gem-smouldering life of old.

Their aumbry-doors of carven pearl
More nards and splendours kept for them ;
Their souls considered other gods
Besides the Child of Bethlehem.

In palaces of burning blue,
Great halls of lapis-lazuli
And roses, over peacock floors
Those richly brooding years went by.

And their dream-wisdom like a pall
Of gold pavilioned all the slain
White love-gods that for Spring have died,
Have died for Spring to rise again.

Fair Attis, lord of cymbals, bright
Adonis, and the lotos-crowned
Osiris, Bromios child of Flame,
And Him whose cross with vines was wound.

*Hail, mystic Passion of the God,
That with the lilies or the grapes
Exults and dies and lives again!
August and strange are all thy shapes.*

THE VISIONS

I saw the saints of Judæa
Go up to Gethsemane.
Holy and white and wounded
Like stained ivory
They followed the Path of the Dolours
Even to Calvary.

I saw a beautiful chorus
Come singing of victories,
And, fair as a naked love-god,
The dancing leader of these
His virgin lyre upraising,—
The rose-crowned Sophocles.

Down into dim-gold Egypt
I saw great Hadrian go :
Like a snowy tuberose burdened
With swooning sweetness, so
Passed Antinous the dreamer
Of all the senses know.

Through hushed embroidered cities
I saw the grail-knights ride,
As frail as flowers, yet burning
With the pangs of Passiontide,—
Of Love divinely musing,
Of Love with piercèd side.

Ah ! Whom shall I follow, follow,
Since all are dear to me,
Slim Gothic knights, strange Romans,
And the Chorus of victory,—
And the sorrowful saints of Judæa,
Wending to Calvary ?

A HEAVENLY AMBITION

I will play on a sweet cithara
In the Pageant of the Lord.
Light incense-wands for some white hands,
Give some the Flaming Sword !

I will play on a sweet cithara
In the Pageant of the Lord.

Oh ! Some shall bear the banners fair
With blazonries all-gold :

Wide-burning wings and gilded things
The trophy-lovers hold :

Roses in spires the singing choirs
Bring through the heavenly wold.

The rhythm so sweet of dancers' feet
Shall make the pageant gay :

But I, the whist pale citharist,
Unto my strings always
Faint opal dreams, love's rare extremes,
With dulcet heart must say.

Through moonlike doors, o'er crystal floors,
The Masques of Angels pass :

In the pause between the red and green,
Clothed in bright taffetas,

I will play on a sweet cithara
O'er burnished gold and glass.

THE APPEAL TO THE ARTIST

[*To Professor Patrick Geddes.*]

I

O ye that walk in secret places
Adoring Beauty, who is God,
Turn, turn your pale enchanted faces,
Uplift the burning incense-rod.
Down in the darkness of the Valley
The pack is out of pains and sins ;
Hearken the furious hallali,
For now the Hunt of Death begins.
O ye that up in sun-veiled spaces
The Wounds of Ecstasy endure,
With Muses, Loves and heavenly Graces
Come down and pass among the Poor.
These are your kindred, and these only.
Before the blue-winged Mercy-Seat
They bring as ye bring (and these only)
The piercèd hands, the piercèd feet.

II

All the long day upon the Wheel of Labour
Their bones are ground,
That with the flute, the timbrel and the tabor
Your dreams may sound.

Their limbs the clinging Curse of Adam harries
That yours be free.

Bright souls, regard their souls the death-sleep
marries.

Yea, verily
Upon the Body's sullen rood the Spirit
Drinks myrrh, and dies :
These cannot see the Earth that they inherit
With such tired eyes.

A little bread to eat, a little raiment,
A hiding-place ;—

This the World's ransom, this the princely pay-
ment !

O grey disgrace
Of days all emptied of the masques and roses !
A dream of fire

They buy, the dream that suddenly discloses
Gates of desire,
The dream that brings the soul, a Power, a
Splendour,

To some great Feast
One moment ere she make the black surrender,
Wake like a beast.

Ah ! lead them in some simple sweet translation
Out of this Night.

For Life begins with beauty, adoration,
Wonder, delight.

III

To the help of the other Toilers, the drugged and
the broken of heart,

Come, O ye kindred in love, ye beautiful Children
of Art.

Mitred and girdled with rubies like dreaming
Chaldæan Kings,

Bearing delectable spoil of exquisite useless things,—
Even as the Magians brought to the stable of
Bethlehem

The rosy and emerald crowns, fair palace-flowers
for them,

Their delicate wasteful odours cloistered in ivory,
Bring ye again your rarest to our Lady of Poverty.

Mitred and girdled with rubies like solemn Chal-
dæan Kings,

Bring music and verses and spices and carven and
painted things.

IV

Cities like sunsets and sunrises,
Poets must build you burningly.

O river-broidered Paradises,
Great lovers must your freemen be.

Sing gardens, delicately, slowly,
Stepping to find the liliated lakes,

Sing iris, amaranth and moly,
Hid where the nightingale awakes,

Sing the vast squares, tall-towered, arcaded,
Where the rejoicing fountains glow,
Sing colours, sculptures, pomps unfaded,
Where Life and Death augustly go,
Where, through rich ways like wrought romances,
Wreathed Hymen with antiphonies,
High Hera, Hermes, lord of trances,
Lead to their diverse ecstasies
Faint lovely souls. Sing gracious mummers
For rainbow masques and miracles
Of Springs and Autumns and Midsummers,
Thrilled through with viols, flutes and bells,—
The Passion-play yearlong prevailing
That hails the Easter, mourns the dead,
The great High Mass that lifts unfailing
The sad mysterious Wine and Bread.

V

Cast not, like alms, of Beauty's worst
Before the joyless folk.
Do as the saintly rider durst
Who cleft his knightly cloak
All glorious. Gemmy flowers and gold
Wrapt his bedesbrother from the cold.
O Dreamers, breathe upon their eyes
That they may see again ;
And breathe as Love in loving sighs,
Lest all the prayers be vain.
Though time and faith be faded, still
Love works his own miraculous will.

Pity, forgive, if ye will save.

Forgive and pity long.

Souls born and bred within the Cave

Must do the sun-god wrong,

Dreading his chariot, fain to flee

The pangs of his bright archery.

The lucid wells they shall defile,—

(But keep the fountains pure) ;

And rend the vines and roses while

Ye labour. Yet endure,

And plant again the fragrant closes.

Their children's children shall love roses.

In gilded graven mazers bring

The crystal pool of Joy.

And if they spill the splendid spring,

The cunning cups destroy,—

In great peach-blossom bowls once more

Bring rapture to the Darksome Door.

VI

Go up to the Hills of God,

Go up, go up together,

Through the new Golden Weather,

Toiler that bearest the hod,

Toiler that bearest spices

In ivory slumbering,

Like a dreamy Magian King.

Go up with your sacrifices.
Fair in the eyes of God,
Rich thurible, patient hod.
Peace to you, brother and brother,
Ye have need of one another.

